

:- A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME :-

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

A Deacon's Deal.

By JOHN BOYLAN.
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THERE is an ancient idea still floating around that because a man is a church deacon he must take the small end of the bargain when he buys or sells. If he trades horses he must take a blind one in exchange and be thankful that the equine has four legs to move about on.

If he makes cider to sell he must turn out the pure quill, whereas any one else is excused for a dilution of five pails of water to a barrel.

For about fifteen years Deacon Goodhue had been governed by the ancient idea, and had been looked upon as a man that would be a leader among the angels, but all of a sudden there came a change. He had been thinking things over, and when he killed an early fall pig he did not send the remains around among the nearest ten families, as had been his wont, and keep the ears and bristles for his portion. And hereupon the people exclaimed:

"Deacon Goodhue has surely backslid."

"Within a month he'll be selling milk instead of giving it away!"

"He can't develop such a spirit as this and expect to remain in the church!"

Deacon Goodhue dug thirty bushels of potatoes from his garden that fall, and instead of giving away twenty of them and living on turnips after January, he stored every peck of them in his own cellar. Some folks said that the evil omen had surely got hold of him, and some almost excused his unheard of unwarranted conduct by insisting that he was losing his mind.

Whatever it was, he kept right on springing his surprises. Brother Absalom Springtree had a sick cow. He asked a tin peddler to diagnose the case, and, after looking at her eyes and twisting her tail, the man looked wise and said:

"That 're cow has got a bad case of the holler horn."

"Shoo! Will she die of it?"

"The chances are nine out of ten that she will."

"What had I better do about it?"

"Trade her off, and that without a day's delay. Don't you know of any one around here you can stick?"

"Um! Why, there is Deacon Goodhue."

"Go for him!"

The cow was driven over to the deacon's. He stood a rod away and looked her over and shook his head and replied:

"Bad case of holler horn."

"But you can cure it."

"I don't want to. Let her dis on your hands."

That reply went to the parson, and he was asked to entertain charges.

"Was there any cheating on the part of the deacon?" he asked.

"N-o-o, not skassly."

"Then what can he be charged with?"

"Why, refusing to do a neighborly act!"

"You believe in Moses, don't you?"

"Of course, parson."

:- CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE :-

"After the man wrote that poem, what did he do with it?" asked Dick as I finished it to him.

"He read it to the woman in his heart," I answered.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Dick. "was ever a man in all the world such a silly ass as that?"

"Well, this is what he writes—

"Of course, the beauty rose episode was soon over, but while it lasted it was an obsession and it was during this time, Mrs. Margie, that I wrote the little poem.

"The woman in my heart arrived one day quite unexpectedly, just when I was most interested in the American Beauty rose. I had not the slightest idea of concealment. The woman in my heart had become so much a part of myself that it was only saying my thoughts out loud, or talking with her of everything and anything I did.

"Most of our conversations were over a restaurant table and this one took place there. I told her the whole story of the American Beauty rose, and at the end read to her the poem.

"The dining room was full of people but we were so interested—at least, I was so interested—in what I was saying that I might as well have been with her in the middle of a trackless forest for all anyone else meant to me. All at once I looked up and found her dear eyes full of tears.

"This time my hand shot across the table—'Why—why, dear heart,' I stammered, 'you don't care, do you?'

"Of course I care! she said tremulously, drawing her hand away before it was noticed by the busy diners.

"But you must know that I don't love her, and you must also know that if I had cared particularly I would never have told you anything about it. I need not have done so, but I would as soon think of lying or evading the issue with myself as with you."

"She smiled her tender smile and said, 'Yes, I presume I should feel complimented that you have so much confidence in me and I suppose the happening is what any woman, married or not, to the man she loves may expect, but you see, boy, it is something no woman can understand.'

"You say you love me and yet you know you have almost forgotten me utterly the last few weeks. Don't you see, dear, that there are now three women in your life? There is your wife who, however much you disclaim it, still has a certain hold on your affections. She has become a habit, an everlasting and ever-increasing responsibility. She means dignity, respectability, a certain place in the affairs and regard of your fellows.

"Although when you are tired and



Censored and Passed by Committee on Public Information

The yarn about this picture is that it is a picture about yarn and its uses in modern warfare. Evidently these wayfarers of warfare are faring so well with the fair they will hate to say farewell. The boys of Governor's Island have with them today the girls of the "Oh, Boy!" company, and oh, boy! how those officers did like to learn to knit! As the title shows, the picture was "censored and passed by the committee on public information," despite its frank revelation of the latest barbed yarn entanglements which General Cupid has set to snare those unaware.

Each day The West Virginian publishes one tested recipe prepared by Mrs. S. J. Brobst, Fairmont's foremost authority upon culinary art. Cut them out and save them. Today's recipe is for—

EGGLESS, BUTTERLESS AND MILKLESS GINGERBREAD.

Worth trying. Mothers, teach young girls to make it—no doubt you will have it several times a week. It is wholesome and food value good.

Liquids—One-half cup molasses, one-third cup hot water, three tablespoons lard, melted. Dry ingredients—Two cups flour, one-half cup brown sugar, one teaspoon ginger, two teaspoons baking powder, one-half teaspoon soda, one-half teaspoon salt.

Mix dry ingredients well, add liquids and beat until thoroughly mixed. Pour in a shallow, well greased pan, and bake 25 minutes in a moderate oven.

and sat down and thought aloud:

"When a widder woman is a widder woman what does she want most on this earth?"

"When a widder woman has to make her own garden, milk her own cow, feed her hogs, take care of the chickens, spit the wood, shovel snow

A STREET DRESS OF DISTINCTION



By BETTY BROWN.

NEW YORK.—A becoming street dress is this gown of jersey cloth in dark brown, with its trimmings of soft, dark fur. Although the whole costume keeps to the slender lines demanded by the season and the bodice is really tight-fitting, the skirt boasts a side panel which loops gracefully near the hem to show a white satin facing.

A rather broad front panel ends even with the side drappings, and is banded with the fur.

The close fit of the bodice is achieved by deep darts taken at each side front and headed with a small embroidered tri-color.

and build her own fires what does she most sigh for?"

"For a man, of course," he answered himself—"any fool knows that."

The deacon set out with horse and buggy and rode over most of the country. He finally found the man he was looking for, and accosted him with:

"Do you want to marry a widder woman with about \$3,000?"

"You bet your hat I do!" was the ready reply.

It did not take over half an hour to settle the details, but the deacon thought best to wait ten days longer before calling on the Widow Raymond again. She met him with a smile and said:

"Deacon, I am ready to withdraw my protest."

"Has something happened, Widder?" he innocently queried.

"I am going to marry a man named R--ers."

"You don't say!"

"Yep. No more single blessedness for me."

But about Peter when the horn blows?

"Oh, as to that, I've been thinkin'. If Peter, when the judgment day comes, can't keep up with the scramble, he must put up with the best he can do."

And when the villagers heard that the deacon had made a clear \$15,000 by securing a husband for the widow and selling her property to the railroads, they went to the parson again.

"As I take it," he replied, "the widow couldn't look around, and so the deacon did it for her."

"But he made \$15,000."

"And out of it he has paid up my back salary, and is going to repaint the meeting house and provide it with a spire and pew cushions. The deacon is all right."

WAR TIME MENUS.

By BIDDY BYE.

Most housekeepers hope that the government control of foodstuffs will mean lower prices immediately.

Cheaper food means greater waste in too many homes, but only a kitchen slacker will permit any such waste in the present world-wide food crisis. Whether its cost is high or low, our food must be saved, and our surplus sent to our allies. Wheatless and meatless days must be planned for in every set of war-time menus.

Sunday.

Breakfast—Baker apples and cream, rice, griddle cakes, coffee.

Dinner—Tomato bouillon, round steak in casserole with vegetables, sweet potatoes, glace, endive salad, grape juice sherbet, small cakes, coffee.

Supper—Buttered muffins, peach marmalade, tea.

Monday.

Breakfast—Oatmeal with top milk, toast, coffee.

Luncheon—Stuffed peppers, brown bread, cocoa.

Dinner—Shoulder chops of mutton, baked potatoes, escalloped tomatoes, fruit salad, wafers, coffee.

Tuesday.

(Wheatless.)

Breakfast—Grapes, fried mush and syrup, coffee.

Luncheon—Codfish cakes, rye gems, tea.

Dinner—Hot hamburger loaf with cakes, creamed cauliflower, rye bread,

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DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(HELEN IS SOME LITTLE FIXER.)—BY ALLMAN.

